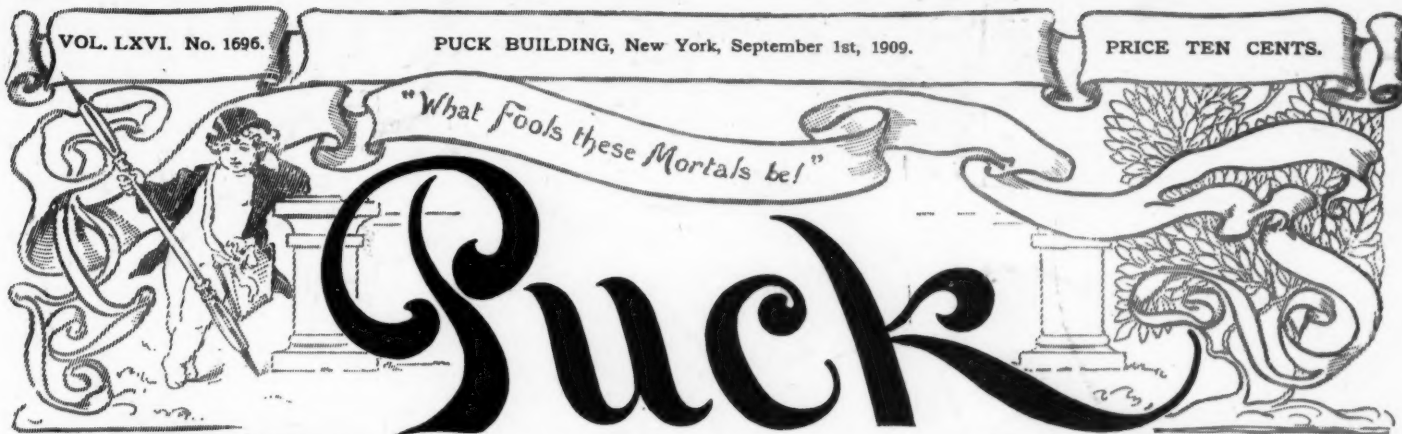


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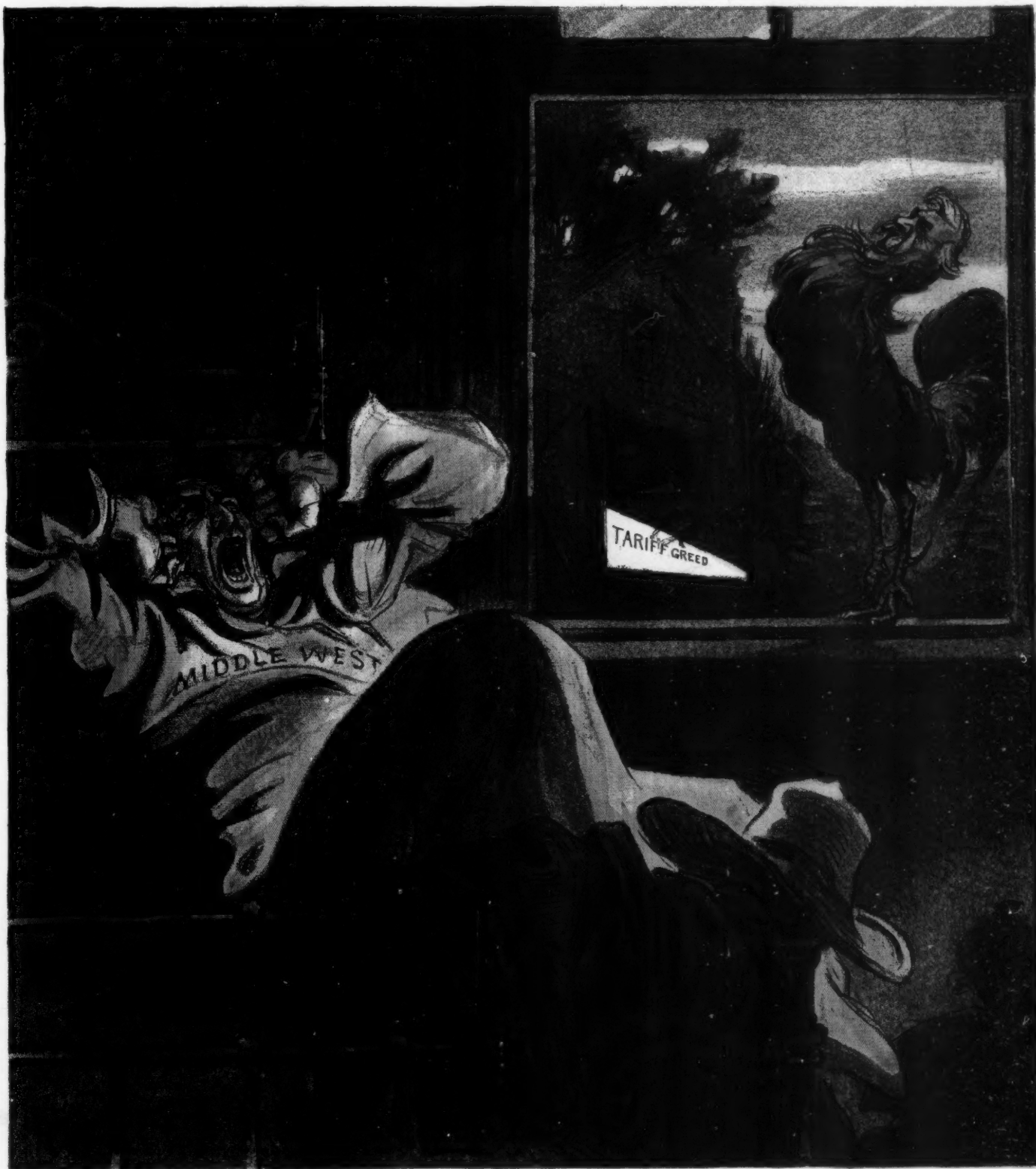
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THE AWAKENING.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

FRIENDS of Mr. Taft are asking him to ignore the Tariff in his Middle West speeches, for they say the inhabitants of that land are not yet calm enough to look at the Tariff Bill as a good joke. His advisers would have the President elude criticism by touring Wisconsin and Iowa with "Memories of Yale," or "Philippine Vistas," or "Dining Cars I Have Met," and yet why this dodging of a Pleasant Topic, for the Tariff Bill is a Pleasant Topic. When finally it passed Congress, President Taft, from each of his two-million-odd pores, radiated a pervading satisfaction. Anon he slapped somebody on the back, and anon he poked Mr. Aldrich in the floating ribs, and again anon his gleesome chuckle widened into the Taft smile. If the passing of the Tariff Bill was the signal for such a frolic outburst, why avoid speech of it? They are not a sour, grim-faced population in the Middle West. Always they are glad to knock off work to listen to a merry tale—especially to a merry tale told by a President.

If the Tariff Bill is really a matter for mirth, Mr. Taft need have no fear that the Middle West will not see the joke. Once the reason for the Taft smile is made clear they, too, will clasp their sides and reward him with a burst of laughter far beyond the utmost cachinnations of Sunny Jim Sherman. Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, are all bubbling over with the keenest sort of an appreciation of humor. President Taft's job is a comparatively light one. It only calls for an explanation (between smiles) of the point of the Tariff Joke.

"ANYBODY who knows anything about those cures abroad knows that they are strenuous propositions, and after enduring them the strongest of men might well take a little time to recover from their effects."—*Harriman's Secretary.*

However, Mr. Harriman was accustomed to mud-baths before he left the United States.

NOW AND AGAIN in the whirlpool of economic poppycock, truth gets a chance to lift up its head. President Hoffstot of the Pressed Steel Car Company, whose employees are on strike, makes this statement: "The 1907 rates have nothing whatever to do with what we pay the men to-day. We buy labor in the cheapest market." Let us repeat this. It is a good thing to remember. This highly-protected, tariff-coddled corporation "buys labor in the cheapest market." The American consumer is denied that privilege when he buys food and clothing. The United States, when it sought supplies for the Panama Canal, was denied it. But nothing, please observe, must interfere with the corporation's right to entire freedom when labor is the commodity to be bought. Then it becomes an adamant matter of "supply and demand," the unhampered operation of natural law. Incidentally, the labor which this

Pittsburg concern has been in the habit of buying is not even American labor, thousands being Slavs who do not speak the English language. The way in which a monopolistic tariff protects American workmen from foreign cheap labor is, therefore, given a vivid illustration in that very citadel of high protection, Pittsburg.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission is going to make the express companies lower their rates. This proves beyond doubt that Papa Taft ought never to have left the Senate.

IT IS SAID that for twenty-seven years in Philadelphia a unique and expensive vase was completely overlooked. Many a former official of the City of Brotherly Love doubtless feels a twinge of regret at thought of this neglected opportunity.

HIS GYMNASTIC instructor says that President Taft is a strong fighter when he has the gloves on. He ought to keep them on.



AT LAST THEY KNOW.

THE ORACLE HANDS DOWN ITS UNALTERABLE DECISION.



POST-NUPTIAL GLIMPSES.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED THAT CLEVER LITTLE EMOTIONAL ACTRESS.

ITS RELIABILITY.

"**U**H LOOGY YUH, Brudder Scrodd; dess loogy yuh, sah!" peevishly began misused Brother Stimmerjohn. "When yo' sold me dis watch—dis yuh' detrimental, no-'count, con-sounded watch, right yuh!—did n't yo' guyahntee dat I'd find it de most *ree*-liable watch I ever owned? Did n't yo', sah? Well, den, dess let me infawm yo' dat de Pit o' Tawment am full o' littler liahs den yo' is! *Dis watch am slow!* Has to wind it three times a day to keep it goin' a-tall, and still it's slow. Slow all de time! What kind-uh way am dat to treat a pillah in de church and a brudder in de lodge! Loogy yuh, now—brudder in de lodge an' liah—if yo' don't gimme back de two dollahs I paid yo' for dis yuh *ree*-liable watch I's gwine to hop yo', and hop yo' hahd!"

"Now, dess hol' on twell yo' gits de fac's, Brudder Stimmerjohn!" interjected the culprit. "Never fawm yo' pin-

ions twell yo' has de fac's. I done guyahnteed de watch to be *ree*-liable. So 't is. Yo' can allus depen' on dat watch; allus find it slow. It ain't one o' dem excitable watches, allus in a high fever; it's slow an' stäys dat-uh-way. Well, sah, I must be trudgin'—

Oh, dem dar two dollahs? Done lost 'em at de raffle. An' if yo' still medicates on hoppin' me, now dat yo' knows de fac's, hyar am one udder fac' for yuh ramification: Got muh razzah wid me and a rock in each pocket. But dess to show yo' dat I 'preciates muh lodge fillera-tions, come wid me an' I'll he'p yo' saw dat *ree*-liable watch off onto a new-come yallah man fum Tumlinville dat ain't been yuh long 'nough to git wisdom yit."

Tom P. Morgan.



TAKING HIS MEDICINE.

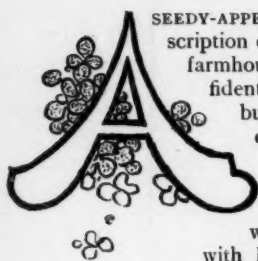
MR. ELLY.—The doctor told me to give you a teaspoonful every half hour.

SCALE OF VALUES.

"**H**E forgets that he owes me his life!"

"That's nothing; he even forgets that he owes me five dollars!"

READY TO OBLIGE.



SEEDY-APPEARING man who would have answered to the description of "long and hungry" came to the door of a farmhouse and rapped in the calm and confident manner of the man whom no rebuff can faze because of his long experience with rebuffs of every description.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully when the door was opened by the farmer, with his wife and several interested members of the family in the background. "Got any clocks you'd like to have tinkered to-day?"

"No, we ain't."

"Got any umbrellas you'd like fixed? Fix 'em up good as new, and do it reasonable, bizness being so dull."

"We had an umbrel' fixed yesterday an' we ain't got no more that need it."

"Mebbe the lady there has some scissors she'd like sharpened. I got tools I could sharpen 'em with here in my satchel."

"No, I ain't," replied the "lady there."

"Well, I stopped at the well and got a drink as I come into the yard, and I think your well needs cleanin' out. Clean it out all nice an' sweet for a dollar an' a half. I've cleaned out many a well an' had my five dollars apiece for 'em. What you say?"

"I calc'late on cleanin' it out myself soon as my hay is all in next week."

"All right. Anything to please you," he said jauntily. "Got any tinware or other things that need soddering? I got a soddering outfit with me, an' I worked a year in a tinshop an' know jest how to do it."

"No, we don't want anything o' that kind done."

"All right, my friend; don't have to if you don't want to. How would you like to subscribe for one o' the best books published since the *Mayflower* run up 'longside old Plymouth Rock? I'm incidentally taking subscriptions for——"

"We got a dozen or two books in the house now that no one ever reads. Don't want no more."

"Don't? Well, that settles that. What do you say to buyin' a bottle o' hoss-liniment that will cure any sprain, or bruise, or wrench over night? I make it myself, an' I know just what it will do. I carry a few bottles for my reg'lar customers, but I reckon I might spare you a bottle, seein' as how it's you, if so be as——"

"Don't want it."

"No? All right, all right, dear friend! Plenty that does want it. Mebbe the lady o' the house would like some extry choice flavorin' extracts like I got a dozen bottles in one o' my grips. Got three diff'rent flavors, an' it only takes a third o' this extract that it does of all other kinds. Would n't ye like to jest smell 'em, lady?"

"No, I don't want to smell nothin'."

"Don't? Well, if you'll excuse the joke, I reckon you'll have to go through life with your nose plugged up, for there's allus something to smell. You need an extry hand to help you through the hayin'? Many's the day I've put in in the hayfield."



THAT SEASIDE COTTAGE.

GENIAL REAL-ESTATE AGENT.—Where's the beach? Why, all you have to do is to go to the top of that second hill, and you'll see a trolley station. Wait for the red car; ride to the third stop; then walk across the little bridge to the Elevated, and at the end of the line take the little boat across the bay, and you'll find yourself within two minutes' walk of the greatest beach in the country!

"Got all the help I want, mister," was the chilling reply.

"Then you don't want no more. That's plain as two an' two is four. Got a piano or organ you want tuned? I kin tune anything that has keys."

"We've nothin' with keys."

"That lets me out on the tunin' job. Got any stringed instruments or horns that need attention? If so——"

"We ain't, for we ain't musical people," said the farmer.

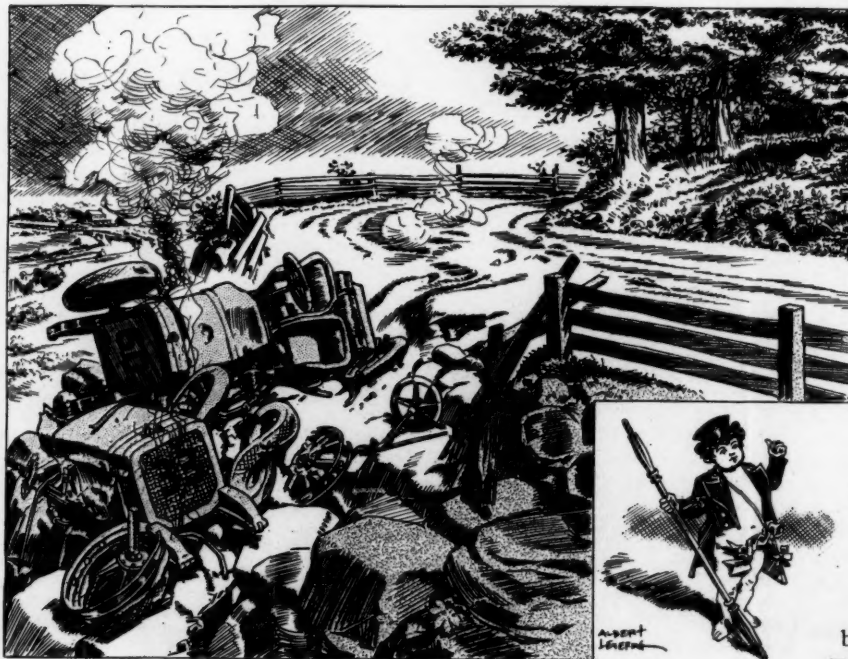
"No? Well, like enough that's lucky for your neighbors, even though the nighest one is half a mile away. Any warts or moles you'd like to get rid of? If you have, I——"

"We ain't got any."

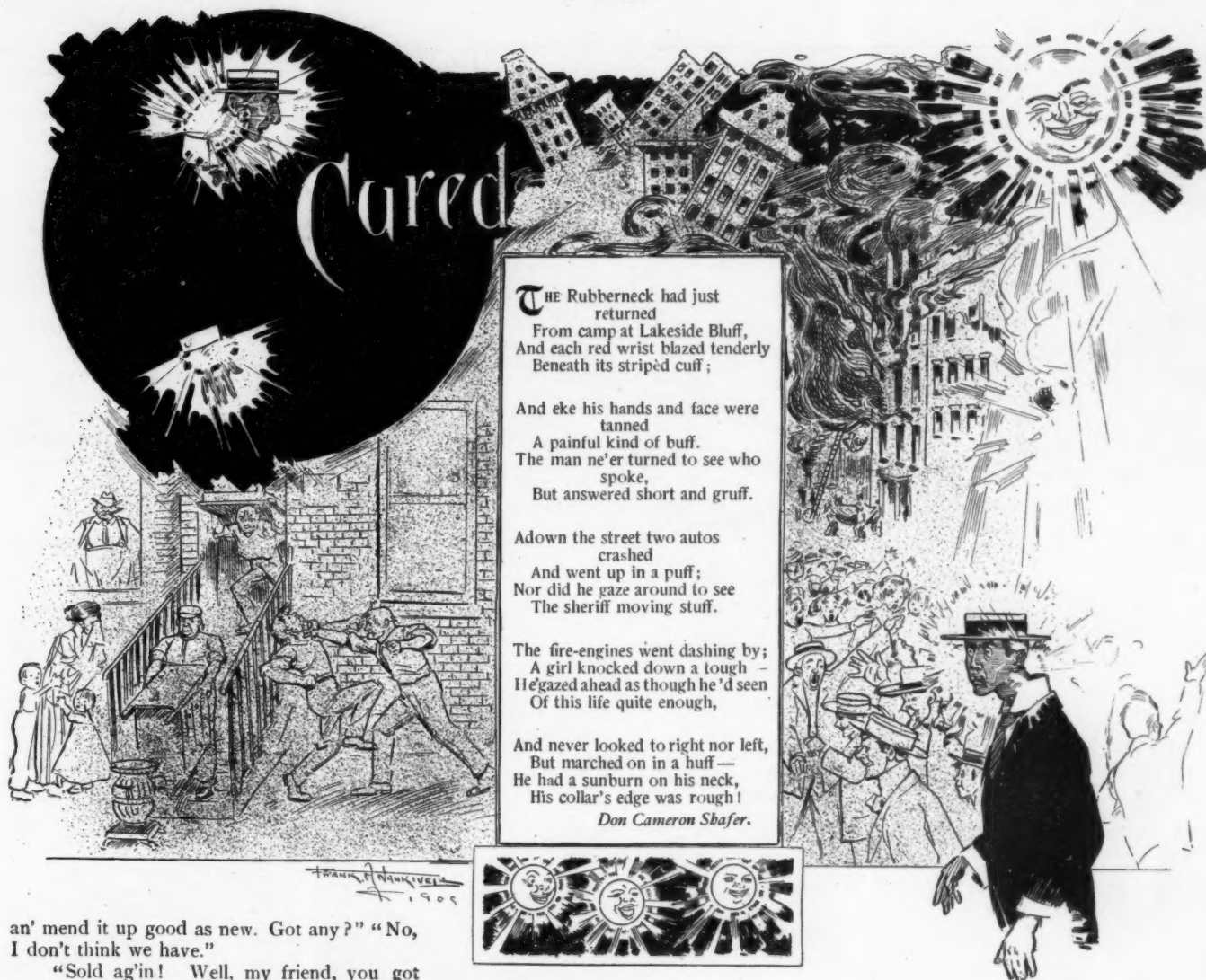
"Well, then you are just that much ahead when it comes to beauty. Would n't like to buy a bang-up nice Bible, would you? I'm representin' a Bible Society as a little side-issue, an' I——"

"We got a good Bible now, an' we——"

"Opened it since the Civil War? 'Scuse the joke. It was born in me to be jokey. Got a knife you'd like to trade sight unseen, or any broken crockery you'd like mended? I can take a dish broken in half-a-dozen pieces



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"



Cured

THE Rubberneck had just returned
From camp at Lakeside Bluff,
And each red wrist blazed tenderly
Beneath its striped cuff;

And eke his hands and face were tanned
A painful kind of buff.
The man ne'er turned to see who spoke,
But answered short and gruff.

Adown the street two autos crashed
And went up in a puff;
Nor did he gaze around to see
The sheriff moving stuff.

The fire-engines went dashing by;
A girl knocked down a tough —
He gazed ahead as though he'd seen
Of this life quite enough,

And never looked to right nor left,
But marched on in a huff —
He had a sunburn on his neck,
His collar's edge was rough!

Don Cameron Shafer.

an' mend it up good as new. Got any?" "No, I don't think we have."

"Sold ag'in! Well, my friend, you got any chairs you'd like to have caned? I learned chair-canin' in an institution I was in once an' I can do as neat a job along that line as you'd desire. Got a bundle o' canes with me."

"Don't want anything along that line."

"Then you are so much in. Lemme see, now. You see, I'm rather a versatile cuss an' ain't tied down to one 'complishment. What do you say to a game o' poker? If I win you'll give me my dinner, an' if you win I'll give you a bottle of my Dead-sure Hair Renewer that I got the recipe of from an Osage Injun chief years ago. What do you say?"

"Well, I dunno. I got a few minutes to spare, an' I dunno but —"

"All right. We'll set right down here 'in the shade of the old apple-tree,' as the sayin' is, an' see who beats."

FOR SUBURBANITES.
COMBINATION LAWN-MOWER
AND MUSIC-BOX.

Half-an-hour later the stranger was eating his dinner at the farmer's board and saying between huge mouthfuls:

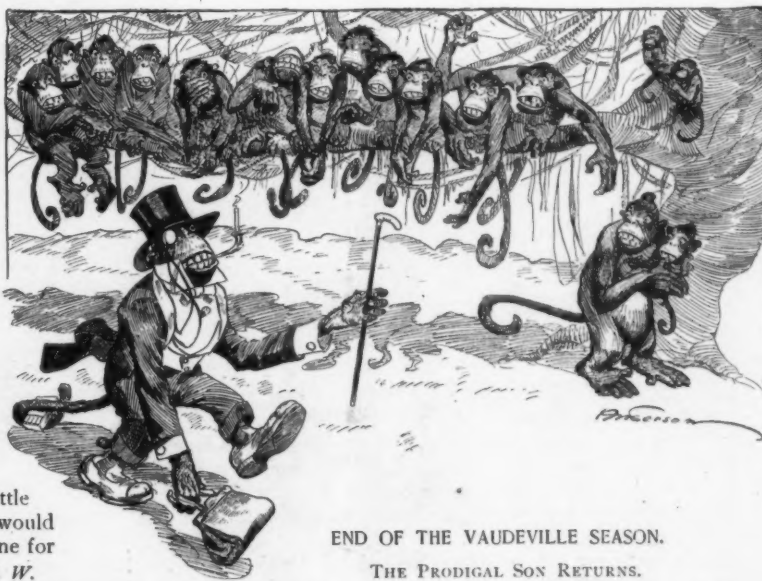
"This is mighty good pie, an' that reminds me that I got a little contrivance in my satchel for liftin' pies out o' the oven that I would like to show you. Sells for a quarter, but I'd let you have one for twenty cents. I'm always ready to oblige."

M. W.

PROBLEM.

KNICKER.—It is said that you can be well educated with a five-foot bookshelf.

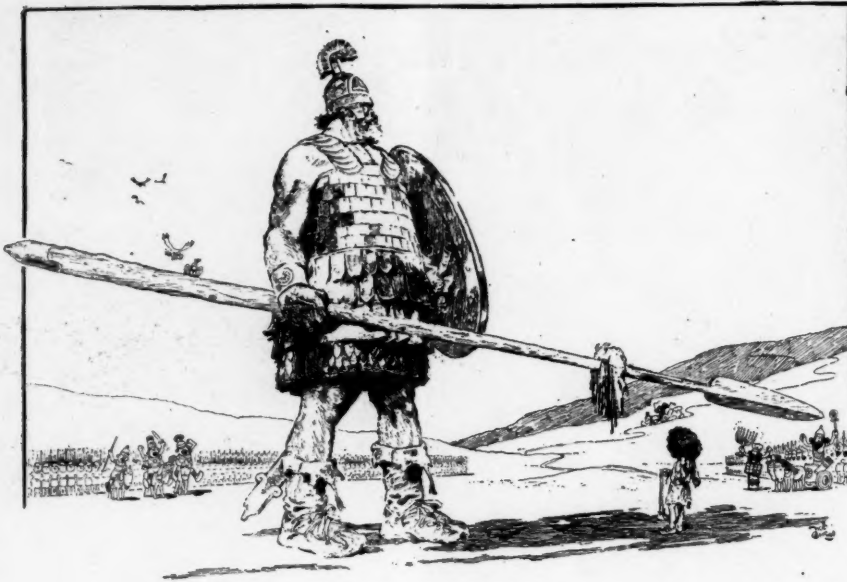
FLATTER.—What would you get out of a folding-bed that looked like a book-case?



END OF THE VAUDEVILLE SEASON.
THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS.

Very few words answer the purposes of rudimentary minds, as witness the vocabulary of savages and of young persons in love.

PUCK



THE USUAL HITCH.

DAVID (*with native shrewdness*).—Go on and howl your heads off if you want to! We are n't going to begin till the moving-picture machine comes.

THE MAGIC OF A SMILE.

STEP lively on the journey;
Through the peried paths of life;
Frown not in the clashing tourney;
Smiles are what we need in strife;
Let no toil nor trouble irk you;
Scorn vile Pessimism's slouch;
And you'll find your boss will work you
Twice as hard as any grouch.

Mark the journalistic lyrists,
They have grief enough, Lord knows;
 Yet they're mostly panegyrists
 Of the smile that withers woes.
 Armed with panacean smirk, you
 Never will know discontent;
 Friend and foe alike will work you —

For your last { smoke,
joke,
job,
cent.

Frowns are n't satisfied with faces;
Nay, they eat into the heart.
Mr. Speak-to-all-men races
Past the grouch, or stands apart;
Frowns bring sorrows never thought of
Till you've lined your brow with bars;
And they save you from a lot of

Cheap { fun,
friends,
graft,
girls,
cigars.

Chester Firkins.

IT'S A WISE FATHER, ETC.

THE sole proprietor of the "world's largest, grandest, and most stupendous circus" was making his bookings for the next season when his son, fresh from his first year at college, stepped into the office. The circus proprietor shook hands with the youth, whom he now saw for the first time in eight months.

Silently the old gentleman petted the bulldog that the lad had at the end of a cord; fingered the glaring suit-case labels;

looked wonderingly at the highly reeved trousers and the red-and-white polka-dot socks; curiously observed the exaggerated, square-cut coat; noticed the noisy necktie; and gazed in awe at the white crush hat with the dog-chewed effect on the edges and the pink-and-purple band around the crown.

"So you learned all that at college, did you?" inquired the old gentleman, pointing to Junior's clothes, dog, and suit-case.

The son grinned and nodded.

"I suppose you learned the college yell?"

His heir answered by giving a graphic demonstration:

"Sssssssssssss - - - - - — BOOM!

Ahhhhhhhhhh !!!!!!!!!!!!!

Rickity rax, Rickity rax, Rah, rah, rah!"

"And then some people are foolish enough to say that a college education does n't pay! Why, son, since you've gone away to college you're a fortune. You'll make the greatest side-show attraction I've had in ten years." *D. A. K.*

MORE THAN JUSTIFIED.

IF ALL work and no play did no more than make Jack a dull boy, that alone would be ample justification. For unless Jack is so dull that his women will be accounted brilliant by comparison with him, the family's position in society is apt to suffer.

But when you add to this that all work and no play is what makes Jack one of the fat boys,—that is, so wealthy that the family can have a box at the opera and a house at Newport,—then it is no longer any wonder that industry is our watchword and loafing is a lost art.



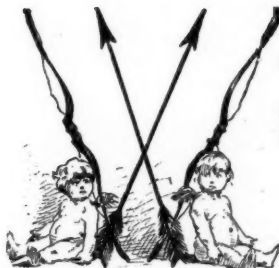
RUBBER.

DEMONSTRATOR (*to startled denizen of the underworld*).—Do not be alarmed, my dear sir. I have crept up behind you merely to demonstrate how much better you could sneak up on pedestrians by using McCloskey's Rubber Heels—thirty-eight cents a pair.

Sometimes it seems easiest to number your successes by counting the chances you didn't take.

PUCK

A MOOT QUESTION.



WHERE is Mabel's waistline?
Is what I want to know;
It used to be just half way up,
But now it seems as though
She's shifted it, and, if you please,
It's somewhere 'round about her knees.

Where is Mabel's waistline?
A few short years ago
'T was just beneath her dimpled arms,
But now it's 'way below
The site Dame Fashion formerly
Declared it *à la mode* to be.

Where is Mabel's waistline?
The modes may come and go;
But while the public has to guess,
In confidence I *know*:
A good right arm reveals to me
The truth — 't is where it used to be!

Arthur D. Pratt.

INSOMNIA.

THERE ARE a number of good ways in which insomnia may be cured. For the benefit of our readers we give a few of them below:

Secure ten feet of stout rope. Make a running noose in one end and attach the other to the blind of a second-story window. Then place the noose around your neck and leap lightly from the ledge. This is one of the best cures for insomnia that we know of.

With the first approach of sleeplessness, lie flat on your back and count slowly and distinctly up to 2,345,434,565,456,789. Long before you have come to the end of this number you will be

surprised to see the glint of the morning sun peeping through your bedroom window.

Suspend above your head a boulder plucked from the nearest stone-quarry. When ready for sleep, cut the cord to which the stone is attached and at the same time gaze fixedly in the direction from which you have reason to believe the stone will approach.

Fill your lungs with anything that may be at hand, such as pin-cushions, dancing-slippers, cigar butts, etc. Then respire slowly and deeply.

Hayward L. Bartlett.

STUBBORN.

"LOOGY YUH, Brud-der Tump!" said Parson Bagster, while the congregation was assembling in Ebenezer Chapel, "I un'erstood yo' to nomernate dat yo' would bring our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith to de revival yuh to-night?"

"I done did muh best to 'complish muh prognostication, Pah-son," replied Brother Tump, holding forth an object which markedly resembled a dark-complexioned oyster, "but dat 'ar gamblin' man, our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith, was sawtuh reluctant an' handy wid his razzah. I dess nach'ly could n't bring de gen'leman pussonally, but dis yuh am one uv his ears!"

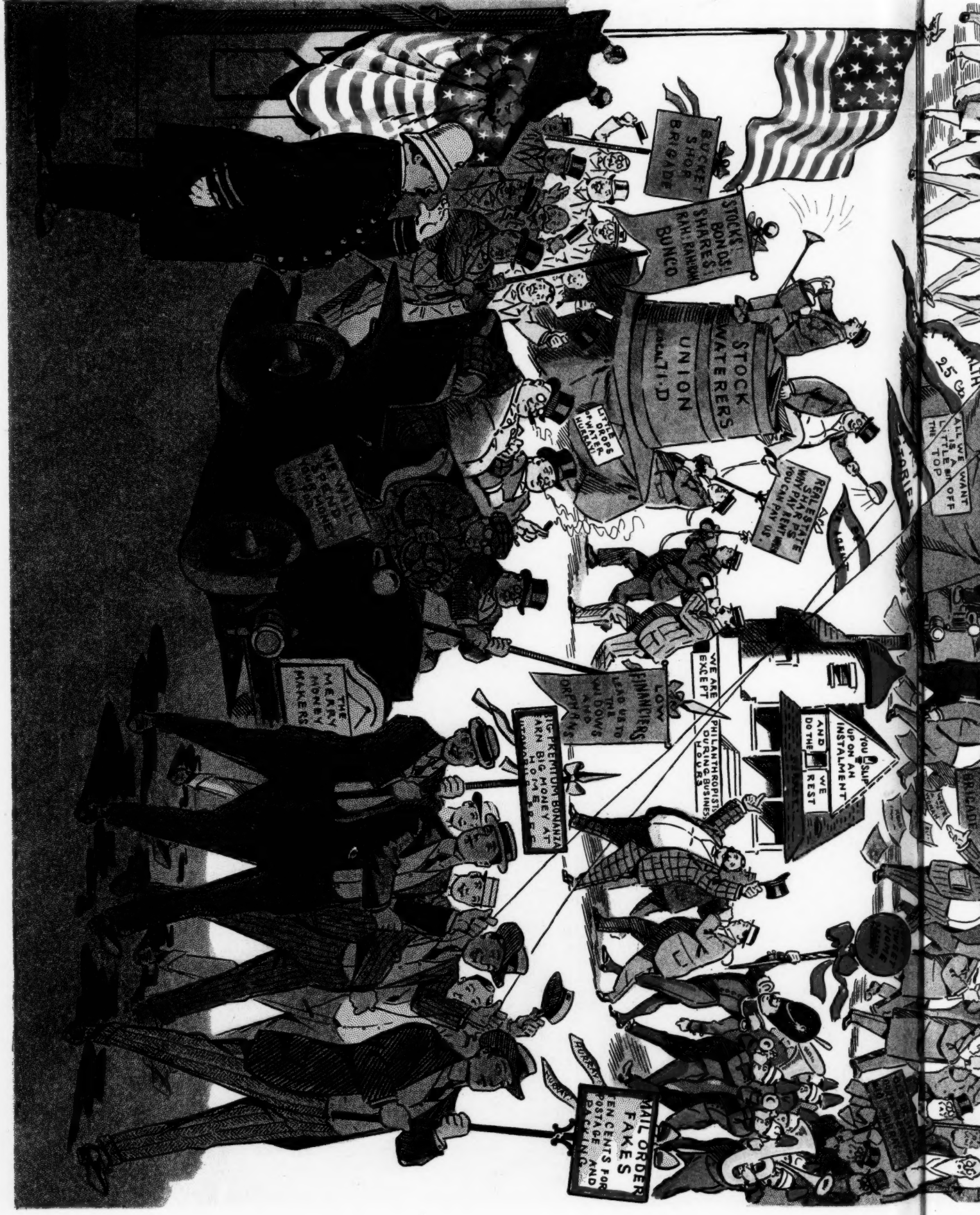


TO RENT—First Floor Bedroom with Bath and kitchenette; pleasant location; light and airy; open all night; no children; skylight; suitable for artist.



THE SHADOW OF DOUBT.

YOUNG CLERGYMAN (regarding a group of male bathers).—So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him!



LABOR DAY.
PARADE OF THE REAL "WORKERS" OF AMERICA.

THAT PERSONAL RECOMMENDATION.



"Are these collars good value for the money?"
"First-class. I wear them myself."



"How about this underwear? Does it give satisfaction?"
"Fine. I wear it myself."



"These socks? Do they last?"
"Best ever. I wear 'em myself."



And, hen, one fatal bargain day, he was sent over to help out at the women's white-goods counter. Guess why he lost his job.

INNOCENT OSCAR.

"GEE, MAMA, I don't believe he is going to take our fare! Aren't we nearly to Aunt Sallie's?"

"S-s-s-sh."

The child sat still for a few minutes watching the passengers. Suddenly he turned and spoke excitedly in a loud voice:

"Mama, Mama, he is taking that lady's money and she has just gotten on the car. I guess he's not going to take ours. Ain't you glad?"

All at once the child stopped with a suppressed "Ouch!" as he tenderly nursed his arm and moved near the window.

"Fare, madam."

She opened her purse rather viciously, and after searching in it brought forth a nickel, which she, without looking toward him, held out.

"Pardon me, madam, but this is only a nickel!"

She looked up at the man in an inquiring manner.

"And how much would you like? I am not in the habit of paying more."

"But your son?"

"That baby!"

She looked scornfully toward the so-called baby, who immediately hunched his shoulders so as to look smaller.

"Why, madam, that is a great big boy."

"I presume you know more about him than I do, eh?"

"No; but my common sense

tells me that he is eight or nine."

"Eight or nine! The very idea! What do you mean? I tell you, sir, he is five! Oscar, how old are you?"

"Five," Oscar spoke faintly.

"Didn't I tell you so? Now there!"

"But, madam, I—I must insist."

"You must what?"

"Insist on his fare!"

"Now, let me tell you something: If you think for one moment that I shall stand this, you are mistaken. Oscar, get up!" She thrust her nickel in her purse. "We will walk. I refuse to stay on a street-car when I am insulted! I would rather walk."

She took Oscar viciously by the hand, who suddenly cried out:

"Oh, look, Mama, we are there! See Aunt Sallie waiting for us!"

Jane Robinson.



A SELF-FEEDER.

MRS. DOLAN.—Did yez feed ther two hins whin Oi was away, Pat?
MR. DOLAN.—Divil a bit—ther two hens fed me!



WHEN ENGLAND IS SUFFRAGETTED.

THE HOSTESS (after coffee and cigars).—Well, ladies, shall we rejoin the gentlemen in the drawing-room?

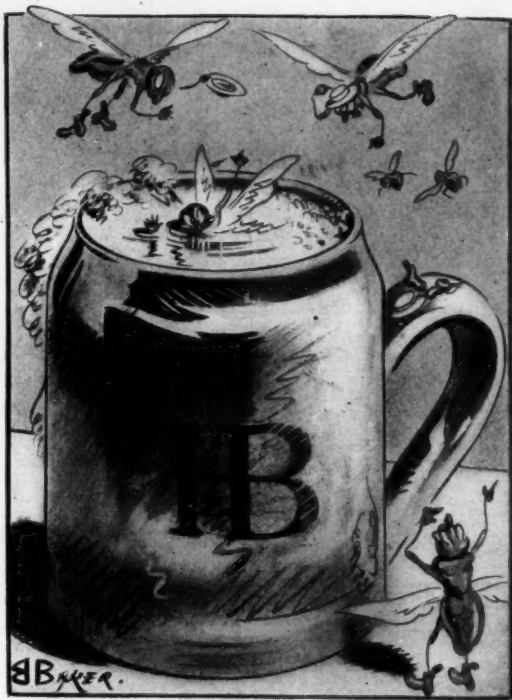
USELESS PATIENCE.

"MY DEAR SISTER, you must be patient with your husband," said the Rev. Mr. Sweetly to Mrs. Xantippe when she complained to him that her husband was in a continual state of "booze."

"You know, my dear sister," continued Mr. Sweetly,

When we read about men writing poetry in prison we can't help admiring the ingenuity of their revenge.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN 1920 A.D.



AN EXHILARATING SWIM.

FLY.—Come on in, kids! Thish watersh shimplly great!



WILLIAM AND ELIHU.

*all," says Jabez Jenks, says he,
"More diff'rent boys you'd never see
Than old man Deekin's two—
William and Elihu!*

"Elihu? I vum! that boy
Allus was old Deekin's joy!
Settled down right here at home;
From old Plunkville would n't roam.
Runs th' corner groc'ry store;
Got two clarks thar—sometimes more.
Makes good money, left and right.
And play bac'gammon? He's a sight!
Best bac'gammonist in town;
Can't nobuddy hold him down!
Clars twenty-odd a month, I s'pec',
Or mebbly thirty-odd, by heck!

"But William ain't Eli's sort;
Allus mighty keen for sport—
Sort o' low-down, trifling cuss;
Playing pranks, or something wuss!
Went to New York and, I guess,
Could n't quit his foolishness.
Ain't been back here often. Fust
Time he come, I thought I'd bust!
Wore a plug-hat two foot tall;
Kid gloves, too. And that ain't all!
Annuther time he come—I swar—
A-riding in a motor-cyar!

"Elihu's a big success!
Plunkville's leading light, I guess;
But no-count William's known 'round here
'S some sort o' railrud fee-nun-ceer.

*"But," says Jabez Jenks, says he,
"More diff'rent boys you'd never see
Than old man Ezra Deekin's two—
William and Elihu!"*

James B. Nevin.

HIS WAIL.

"DESE yuh white politicians—dawg-gawn 'em!" petulantly remarked a pessimistically-inclined colored citizen. "Dey shakes hands wid me so frequent dat it keeps me buzzin' most o' de time countin' muh fingers to see dat dey is n't stole none of 'em. Got so's dat, when I meets 'em, I socks muh hands down deep in muh pockets, but—bless goodness!—dey dess rotches in an' pulls 'em out an' howdys wid me, whudder 'or no. Muh education am so pow'ful scatterin' dat I dess kain't sca'cely keep tally on de scoun'rels!"

FOOLING THE BOY.

"WHY do they want to preserve the great American forests, Pa?"
"So that they can have forest fires, my son."

SAVE YOUR SPIRES.—Buy the GEM GUARD. Used on all up-to-date Churches. Perfect protection against airship sideswiping. Guaranteed to last twenty years. For sale in all department stores. Manufactured by the GEM GUARD CO., Akron, O.

FOOLEM.—Ideal bedroom window-shade. Absolutely sight proof. No house should be without them. Buy them and bilk the airship peeper. Sold in doz. lots. All sizes. Equipped with patent air-holes. Sure and hygienic. Send for catalogue. Agents wanted in every town. THE EUREKA SPECIALTY CO., Hoboken, N. J.

HAVE YOU the PEERLESS Armor-Plated Roof on your house? Sheds ballast like rain. Absolutely anchor proof. Made to fit all styles of roofs. Endorsed by all Architects. More useful than Burglar Alarms or Lightning-rods. Prevents insomnia. Saves the Ceiling and Chandeliers. Send for booklet and price list. STEELE & ARMOUR, Mfrs., Pittsburg, Pa.

PROTECT THE TREE TOPS.—Use the ACME STEEL UMBRELLA. Prevents damage from airship chafing. Is perforated to admit sunlight and air. No more frazzled trees. Sheds airship flotsam easily. Approved by the Municipalities of Chicago, Boston, Wichita, and Kokomo. Write and our representative will call. THE ACME CONCERN, Eau Claire, Wis.

USE STEVENS'S STILT SIGNS.—The perfection of air advertising. Stilts all sizes, ranging from 500 feet to half a mile. Space secured along the Standard Airship Routes. Guaranteed not to wear out, sag, or break from collision. Stilts made of Bessemer steel. A few choice places open. Send for rates. STEVENS AERIAL ADV. CO., Eyrie Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

SCHNEIDE & FAQUE, Attorneys.—Injuries to persons or property from airships our specialties. Orville Faque, Esq., Author "Champagne Bottle as Deodand." Cases taken on commission. SCHNEIDE & FAQUE, 13 Gibbet Lane, Cleveland, O.

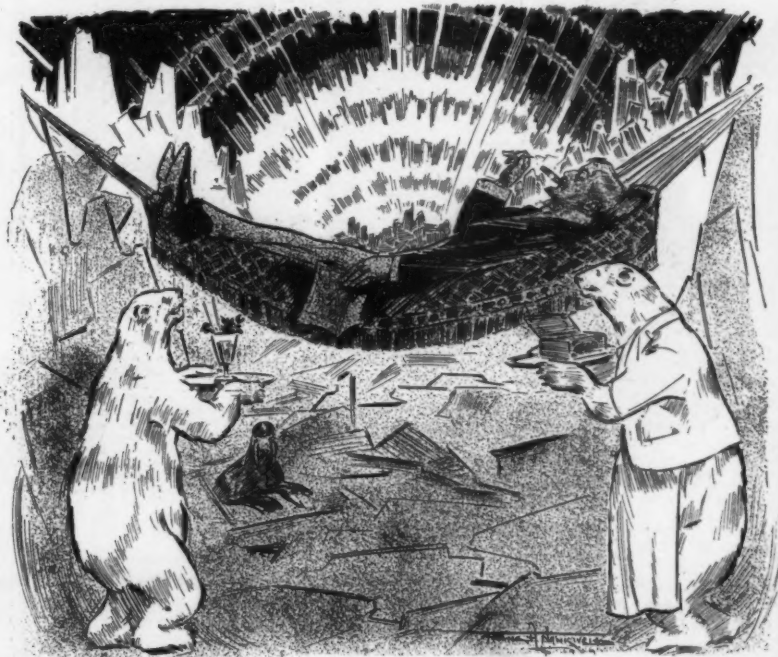
DON'T LOSE the gilt on your Cornices. Use Al. Kemy's Patent Solution. Impervious to Airship contact. Scratch proof. Send for small 2 oz. sample bottle. STAR DRUG CO., Bayonne, N. J.

SEEKE & FYNDE, Roof Insurance. Room 406-8 Capola Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

SEE THAT SPRING? It is on Gasler's Recoil Weather Vane. Cannot be displaced. Spring made of finest grade of flexible steel. Guaranteed to withstand any impact. Endorsed by 20,000 farmers in the United States. Send for book of testimonials. Sold in all Department and Hardware stores. 37 varieties. GASLER INVINCIBLE VANE CO., Painted Post, N. Y.

DO YOU PATRONIZE the Ethereal Advertising Company? If not, why not? We have leases on 75,000 flag-poles in the United States. Can we book you for space on our Illuminated Flag-pole Advertisements? Can be seen in fogs or snowstorms. A few choice poles still vacant. Write for space quick. ETHEREAL ADV. CO., Suite 410 Pinnacle Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

SKELLEY'S SKYLIGHTS. Made of two-feet-thick glass. No dents. No breaks. No cracks. Made in New Jersey. Foils neurasthenia. Insures peace and safety to families. No need of roof insurance with Skelley's Skylights. M. J. SKELLEY, PATENTEE, 23 Acorn Ave., Newark, N. J.



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE

The one notable
achievement in brewing.
The veritable fulfillment of
beer character, quality and
healthfulness.

Always the same
Good Old Blatz.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., mentioning this paper, for their
interesting booklet entitled: "A Genial Philosopher."

Hello, Brother!

Shed your pack, fill your pipe, and sit down—we want to have a little straight "Head Camp" fire talk with you. To get right down to "brass tacks," you've got your share of red corpuscles in your blood—you like the fields and woods and waters, you like the solo of the reel and the voice of the gun. It's an unfortunate fact that you, who love these things, cannot get more than from one to four weeks off in a year to enjoy them.

NOW LISTEN:—If we can show you how you can take a fishing or hunting trip twelve times a year for \$1.00 without neglecting your work, will you take it? If we can take you into the big woods where you can smell the evergreens, and hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small, will you come with us? Subscribe for the

National Sportsman

—that's the answer—and as this magazine comes to you each month, it will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of the woods and fields—will make you forget your troubles—will put new life into you—and in addition to your annual outing in the open, you will get from its contents each month during the year many a pleasant trip and enjoyable experience with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The **National Sportsman** is entirely different from any other magazine published. It's just like a great big camp in the woods, with 75,000 good fellows sitting around the fire, smoking and telling each other stories about their good times in the woods. Come in, Brother, join with us and tell us a good story if you have one, or just sit and listen if you'd rather.

Briefly, the **National Sportsman** contains each month 160 pages crammed full of stories, photographs of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will make any man with red blood in his veins read the copy through before he goes to bed, even if it takes all night. Think of it, twelve copies, each containing 160 pages, 1,920 pages in all, sent to you postpaid for a one-dollar "William."

Is your blood warm yet, Brother? If not, listen to this: Send us \$1.00, on receipt of which we will enter your name on our subscription list for one year, and send you by return mail one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.), as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle, together with a copy of our **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTING GOODS**, containing 384 PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION for sportsmen, including a Synopsis of the Game Laws of all the States and Canada, Cooking Recipes for Campers, How to Use the Compass, Hints on the Use of Firearms, information about various kinds of powder, size of shot, etc., to be used for different game, together with complete descriptions and lowest possible prices on all kinds of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Tents, Camp Outfits, Fishing Tackle and other goods of interest to lovers of outdoor sports. Can you beat this?

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All Yours for \$1.00 It's a whole lot for the money, but we know that if you once become a **National Sportsman** you will always be one.
FILL IN ATTACHED COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY

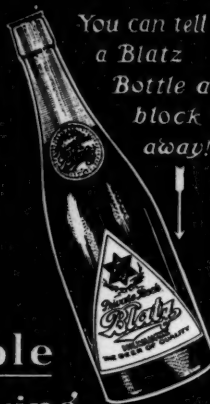
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Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**, a Watch Fob, and a copy of your **Encyclopedia of Sporting Goods**.

Name.....

Address in Full.....

You can tell
a Blatz
Bottle a
block
away!



THE USUAL UPHEAVAL.

"During your trip abroad with Banker did anything come up for discussion?"

"Not that I remember; of course there were a good many things came up, but not for discussion."—*Boston Courier.*

RECIPROCITY.

"I was in the gloaming, and the young man had just stolen a kiss.

"Sir!" exclaimed the fair maid, with an outward show of indignation; "you are a heartless thief!"

"That's right," rejoined the bold young man, "but you are to blame for it."

"How am I to blame?" she queried.

"You stole my heart," he answered.
—*Chicago News.*

KITTY.—I call them an agricultural couple.

KATHERINE.—How so?

KITTY.—She's a peach and he's a regular beat.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York



HIS VALUE.

"What sort of a legislator has the Hon. Cuck Uckleston proven himself to be?"

"Aw, well," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., "viewing him and his works with a calm and calculating eye, I sh'd judge that, instead of sending him to the legislature, we would have done just about as well to have written."

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.



JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

For Sale Everywhere
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
SOLE AGENTS NEW YORK

A NEW TWIST.

"Please, sir, me grandmudder"—

"Tell a new one, Johnny."

"Promised to take me to de game to-day if you'll lemme off."

He got off.—*Pittsburg Post.*

NON-DETACHABLE.

WITNESS.—At the time of the accident my maid was in my boudoir arranging my hair.

LAWYER.—Yes; and where were you?

WITNESS.—Sir!—*Boston Transcript.*

LAST RESORT.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—You say it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. Have you gone about it the right way?

MRS. CRABSHAW.—I've tried everything, my dear, except send him a Black Hand letter.—*Brooklyn Life.*

THE BRITON.—As the old proverb says, y' know, "He lawfs best who lawfs lahst."

THE YANKEE.—If that's so, what good laughs your English must be!—*Cleveland Leader.*

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine par excellence. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.



Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

NO PEACE.

The usual after-dinner tiff had taken place and Smithers had cooled down. After all, peace was a good thing and well worth the having, and a little more or less humble pie did not much matter. He determined to try woman's weak point—dress—and remarked in a pleasant voice:

"I see dresses are to be worn longer than usual this season."

But the hard lines at the corners of her mouth were still there.

"Well," she remarked bitterly, "if they are to be worn longer than I am compelled to wear mine they'll have to be made of sheet-iron—that's all."

And then they started all over again.—*Tit-Bits.*

A SEEMING PARADOX.

An airy girl is fine in summer time—

But not a girl with airs.—*Hertzberg's Weekly.*

A HUNTER WHISKEY HIGH BALL IS REFRESHING

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



A TIDY MAIDEN.

"You know, Miss Blank," said the proprietor of a railroad-station restaurant, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied the girl; "I have done everything I could. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."—*Harper's Weekly.*

TACTLESS.

"Dere cert'nly is a coolness between Mandy Jones an' Clay Jeff'son dese days," remarked Aunt Clorinda to a caller. "Is you got any idee what's de trouble?"

"Yes I is," was the gratifying answer. "Clay Jeff'son he done hurt her feelings bad at de strawberry festival, an' Mandy is gwine t' hab dat boy larn to be mo' careful in his talk befo' she 'lows any mo' co'ting."

"What did he do?" demanded Aunt Clorinda.

"T wa'n' what he do, 't war what he say," replied the well-informed visitor. "Miss Colby, dat was sarving de sho'tcake, she ax' Mandy will she hab a second piece ob it, an' Mandy say, 'Jes' a mouthful, Miss Colby, jes' a mouthful.'"

"An' dat triflin' Clay Jeff'son he up an' say, 'All you kin get on de plate, Miss Colby,' say he."

"Co'se he tried to explainify away all de trouble, but I reckon he's got to sarve his 'prenticeship befo' Mandy 'cepts any 'pologies."—*Youth's Companion.*



BROMO- SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

A GENIUS.

"That boy of yours whistles the 'Merry Widow Waltz' very correctly."

"Oh, he's a wonder. He remembers every tune he hears."

"Gee! He'll make a fortune as a comic-opera composer some day." — *Cleveland Leader.*

"CLEAR out o' here, ye sassy little brat!" shouted the cook, thumping the table with a rolling-pin.

The little girl gave the cook a haughty look.

"I never allow anyone but my mother to speak to me like that!" she said.—*Washington Star.*

WIFE.—Is n't it funny? That gorilla speaks only eight words.

HUSBAND.—Nothing strange; he has five or six wives. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

"LOOK HERE! Did n't I tell you not to come around here begging again?"

"Yes'm; but I thought dat I'd drop around an' ask if you really meant it?"—*Evening World.*



A TEMPTING OFFER.

STRANGER IN TOWN.—Where can I get one of them Seeing New York 'busses?

NATIVE.—Vot do you vant to take vun of dem for? Dey vill charge you vun tollar. Come mit me, und I vill show you der finest store in Grandt Street for nudding.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

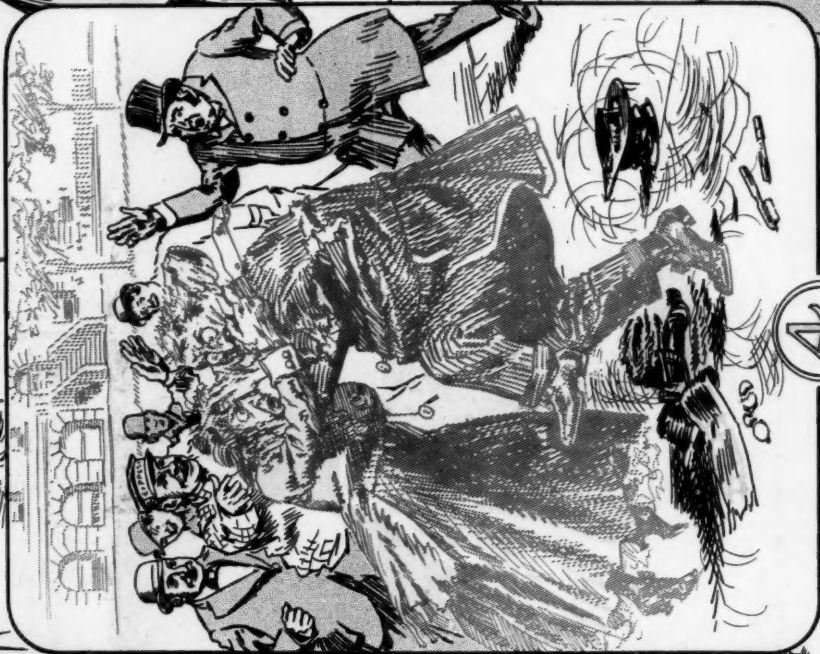
Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The creamy, soothing lather of Williams' Shaving Soap insures the greatest comfort, economy and satisfaction.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

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ALBERT
LEVERING

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PERFORMANCES HOURLY.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR AND ADVERTISING.



Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

The difference between CLUB COCKTAILS and the guess-work kind, is just the difference between a real drink and an imitation. Get CLUB COCKTAILS from your dealer.

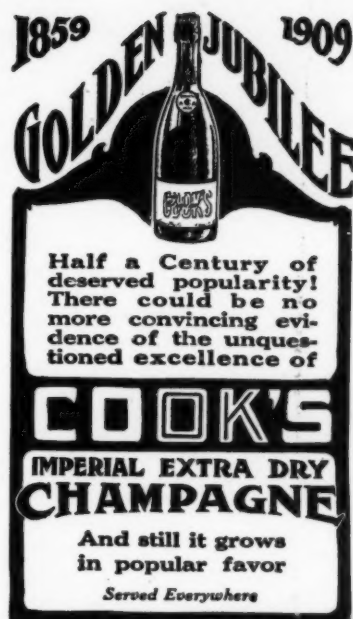
Martini (gin base)
Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York
London

UNPROFITABLE.
"If you'd assume a more genial manner, you'd get along better in business."
"Rot! I tried it once, and everybody I met wanted to borrow money."—*Cleveland Leader.*

HIGHWAY ECONOMY.
FIRST PEDESTRIAN.—There's scarcely any water coming from that sprinkling-cart.
SECOND PEDESTRIAN.—The driver is probably saving it for the crossings.—*Exchange.*

HOW SHE KNEW.
ANXIOUS MOTHER.—How do you know young Cashleigh is in love with you? Has he told you so?
PRETTY DAUGHTER.—No-o; but you should see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!—*Chicago News.*



1859 GOLDEN JUBILEE 1909

Half a Century of deserved popularity! There could be no more convincing evidence of the unquestioned excellence of

COOK'S

IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

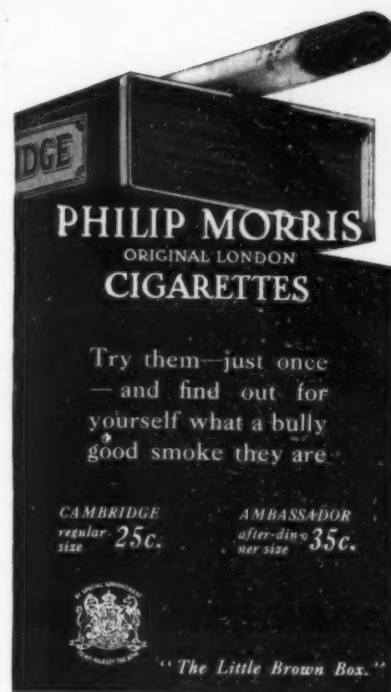
And still it grows in popular favor
Served Everywhere

WHY HE DARED.
SHE.—How dare you kiss me, sir?
HE.—I am a vegetarian, and your lips are cherries.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

HE DID.
STELLA.—Did he say he loved you in so many words?
BELLA.—Yes, seventeen pages.—*The Sun.*

WANTED TO HELP.
"Ma, what are the folks in our church getting up a subscription for?"
"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe this Summer."
"Won't there be no church services while he's gone?"
"No, dear."
"Ma, I got \$1.23 in my bank. Can I give that?"—*Exchange.*

"My doctor ordered a trip to Europe for me."
"And you took it?"
"No; he presented his bill and took a trip to Europe himself."—*Boston Transcript.*



PHILIP MORRIS

ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

Try them—just once—and find out for yourself what a bully good smoke they are

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c. AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c.

"The Little Brown Box."

A HIGH-BRED and thoroughly trained dog every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. A farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning.

"I wonder," the wife said, "what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently?"

"Never thought about that," replied the farmer, "but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it."—*St. Louis Republic.*

"HAVE you any pet superstition, Miss Oldworthy?"

"Well, really, I—the question is rather embarrassing. I have a superstition, and—I suppose I ought not to confess it now, but since you ask me I will admit that I have for some time had a superstition that I would marry the very next man who asked me to be his wife."

"That's not a superstition. That's a cinch!"
—*Record-Herald.*

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS

For every special need of the particular man.

Shirt front, round or lens shaped heads, short shank.

Shirt collar front, lens or round heads, long shank.

Back of neck, extended head to hold scarf, or dome shaped head, medium shank.

Sleeves with detached cuffs, dome shaped, long shank.

Sleeves above attached cuffs, large head, short shank. Also ladies' shirt waists, negligée shirts, etc.

All dealers. Every button insured.

KREMENTZ & CO. Booklet free.
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Accredited Agencies in All Principal Cities of the World



MUTUAL.

THE DOMINIE.—May I ask why you have n't been attending services lately?

FRANK PARISHIONER.—Well, the fact is, I could n't conscientiously do it, sir. You see, I don't believe all you say.

THE DOMINIE.—My dear lady, don't let that trouble you. Neither do I.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
25, 26 and 28 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK
All kinds of Paper made to order

"THEY say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."—*Exchange.*

FATHER.—Yes, sir, I began as an office-boy, and here I am at the top of the tree. And what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in town.

THE PRODIGAL (*calmly*).—Yes, pater. But not till you die!—*Tit-Bits.*

FANCIER.—This dog, madam, would be cheap at \$100.

LADY.—I would take him; but I'm afraid my husband might object.

FANCIER.—Madam, you can get another husband much easier than a dog like that.—*Exchange.*

LIABLE TO STUMBLE.
"So you claim a woman can't tell a joke?"
"No; a woman gets off a joke like she gets off a trolley-car."—*Washington Herald.*

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

USE THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1

DRUGGISTS.
OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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